The Department of Music

of

The University of Alberta

presents

THE SYMPHONIC WIND ENSEMBLE
Fordyce Pier, conductor

and

THE CONCERT CHOIR
Larry Cook, conductor

Sunday, October 5, 1980 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Scherzo di Concerto (1976). . . . . Jerzy Sapieyevski
(b. 1945)

Apocalypse, Motet for mixed chorus, soprano solo,
brass and timpani (1958) . . . . . Violet Archer
(b. 1913)

Soprano soloist: Crystal Fleuty

I was in the spirit; and behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne.

And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone; and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

And out of the throne proceeded lightnings and thunderings and voices: and there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven spirits of God.

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne--saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength and honour, and glory, and blessing.

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.
(The Revelation IV: 2, 3, 5; V: 11, 12, 13.)

INTERMISSION

...../2

Celebrations, Op. 103 (1967). . . . . Vincent Persichetti
(b. 1915)

I. Stranger

STRANGER, if you passing meet me and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me?
And why should I not speak to you?

II. I Celebrate Myself

I CELEBRATE myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assumme,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

III. You Who Celebrate Bygones

TO A HISTORIAN

YOU who celebrate bygones,
Who have explored the outward, the surfaces of the races, the life that has exhibited itself,
Who have treated of man as the creature of politics, aggregates, rulers and priests,
I, habitan of the Alleghanies, treating of him as he is in himself in his own rights,
Pressing the pulse of the life that has seldom exhibited itself, (the great pride of man in himself,)
Chanter of Personality, outlining what is yet to be,
I project the history of the future.

IV. There Is That In Me

There is that in me
I do not know what it is
but I know it is in me.

Wrench'd and sweaty, calm and cool,
then my body becomes - I sleep
I sleep long.

I do not know it
it is without name
it is a word unsaid,
It is not in any dictionary
utterance, symbol.

Something it swings on
more than the earth I swing on,
To it the creation is the friend
whose embracing awakes me.

...../3

Perhaps I might tell more,
I plead for my brothers,
Do you see O my brothers?
It is not chaos or death
it is form, it is union, plan
it is eternal life, it is happiness.

There is that in me
I do not know what it is.

V. *Sing Me The Universal*

COME said the Muse,
Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted,
Sing me the universal.

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection.

By every life a share or more or less,
None born but it is born, conceal'd or unconceal'd the seed is waiting.

VI. *Flaunt Out O Sea*

TO-DAY a rude brief recitative,
Of ships sailing the seas, each with its special flag or ship signal,
Of unnamed heroes in the ships-of waves spreading and spreading far as the eye can reach,
Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and blowing,
And out of these a chant for the sailors of all nations,
Fitful, like a surge.

Of sea-captains young or old, and the mates, and of all intrepid sailors,
Of the few, very choice, taciturn, whom fate can never surprise nor death dismay,
Pick'd sparingly without noice by thee old ocean, chosen by thee,
Thou sea that pickest and cullest the race in time, and unitest nations,
Suckled by thee, old husky nurse, embodying thee,
Indomitable, untamed as thee.

(Ever the heroes on water or on land, by ones or twos appearing,
Ever the stock preserv'd and never lost, though rare, enough for seed preserv'd.)

Flaunt out O sea your separate flags of nations!
Flaunt out visible as ever the various ship-signals!

...../4

VII. I Sing the Body Electric

I SING the body electric,
The armies of those I love engirth me and I engirth them,
They will not let me off till I go with them, respond to them,
And discorrupt them, and charge them full with the charge of the soul.

Was it doubted that those who corrupt their own bodies conceal themselves?

And if those who defile the living are as bad as they who defile the dead?
And if the body does not do fully as much as the soul?
And if the body were not the soul, what is the soul?

VIII. A Clear Midnight

THIS is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest best,
Night, sleep, death and the stars.

IX. Voyage

JOY, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry.)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy.

(Walt Whitman)